A DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY-HOUSE In Dorset-Garden.

23. July. 1706.

WHere gentle *Thames* thro' ſtately Channels glides,
And *England's* proud Metropolis divides,
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And ſtretches o'r the Waves a pompous Shade;
Whence ſudden Shouts the Neighbourhood ſurprize,
And thundring Claps, and dreadful Hiſſings riſe.
Here Thrifty *Rich* hires Heroes by the Day,
And keeps his Mercenary Kings in Pay:
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the vacant Scenes,
And rakes the Stews for Goddeſſes and Queens.
Here the lewd Punk, with Crowns and Scepters grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more Majeſtick Caſt;
And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train
Of Suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, Starve and Reign.
But enter in my Muſe, the Stage ſurvey,
And all its Pomps and Pageantry diſplay;
Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th' unfaithful ground,
And Magick Walls encompaſs it around.
On either ſide maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-Houſes riſe.
Dipointed Palms in Order alſo ſtand,
And Groves, obedient to the Movers Hand,
O'ſhade the Stage, and flourith at Command.
A Stamp makes broken Towns, and Trees intire;
So, when *Amphion* ſtruck the Vocal Lyre,
He ſaw the ſpacious Circuit all around
With crouding Woods and riſing Cities crown'd.
But next the Tiring-Room ſurvey, and ſee
Falſe Titles, and promiſcuous Quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm, from Heroes and from Queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in Clouds, and fill Machines.
Their various Characters they chuſe with Art,
The frowning Bully fills the Tyrant's part:
Swol'n Cheeks, and ſwagg'ring Bellies, make an *Hoſt*;
Pale meagre Looks, and hollow Voice, a *Ghoſt*.
From careful Brows, and heavy-down-caſt Eyes,
Dull *Cits*, and thick-ſkull'd *Aldermen* ariſe;
Whoſe Comick Tone, inſpir'd by *Congreve*, draws
At ev'ry Word loud Laughter and Applauſe;
The Mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character unchang'd, and acts the Whore.
Above the reſt, the Prince with haughty Stalks,
Magnificently in Purple Buskins walks;
The Royal Robes his awful Shoulders grace,
Profuſe of Spangles, and of Copper-Lace.
Officious Vaſſals to his Mighty Thigh
(Guiltleſs of Blood) th'unpointed Weapon tye.
Then the gay glittering Diadem put on,
Pond'rous with Brats, and Starr'd with *Briſtol*-ſtone.
His Royal Conſort next conſults her Glaſs,
And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face.
The Whitening firſt her ghaſtly Looks beſmears,
All pale and wan, th' unmanly'd Form appears,
Till on her Cheeks the bluſhing Purple glows,
And a falſe Virgin modeſtly beſtows;
Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes,
Length to her Brows the Pencil's touch ſupplies,
And with black bending Arches ſhades her Eyes.
Well pleas'd at laſt, the Picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'r with Artificial Moles;
Her Countenance compleat, the Beau ſhe warms
With Looks not hers, and ſpight of Nature's Charms.
Thus artfully their Perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt Flouriſh bids the Curtain riſe.
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
Behind, a Guard of Candle-ſnuffers wait;
There ſwoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verſe.
His Subjects tremble, the Submiſſive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention ſit;
Till freed at length, he lays aſide the weight
Of Publick Buſineſs, and Affairs of State,
Forgets his Pomp, dead to Ambitious Fires,
And to ſome peaceful Brandy-Shop retires;
There in full Gills his Anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Cares that wait on Crowns.
The Princeſs next her painted Charms diſplays,
Where ev'ry look the Pencil's Art betrays:
The Callow Squire at diſtance feeds his Eyes,
And ſilently for Paint and Waſhes dies;
But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He ſees the blended Colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrow'd Village he admires no more,
And naufeates ev'ry Charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd Spear for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.
In tedious Liſts 'twere endleſs to ingage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage;
Where one for twenty Years has giv'n Alarms,
And call'd Contending Monarchs to their Arms.
Another fills a more Important Poſt,
And riſes ev'ry other Night a Ghoſt;
Thro' the Cleft Stage his Mealy Face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears.
Others with Shields and Swords, the Soldiers Pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their Side,
And in a thouſand Battels they have dy'd.
Thus ſeveral Perſons ſeveral Parts perform,
Pale Lovers whine, and bluſtring Heroes ſtorm;
The ſtern exaſperated Tyrants rage,
Till the kind Bowl of Poyſon clears the Stage.
Then Honours vaniſh, and Diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then with reluctance haughty Queens undreſs.
Heroes no more their fading Laurels boaſt,
And *Mighty Kings* in *Private Men* are loſt.
He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Pow'r made proud,
To whom wnole Realms and vanquiſh'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the Gaudy Plume, the Purple Train,
And in his own Vile Tatters ſtinks again.

Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1706.